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CARDS.

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ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.

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CHAPTER XXVI.

The ocean has its thrilling mysteries
and awful tragedies, and the plains and
prairies have theirs as well.

One of the outlaws walked off in the
darkness to stand sentry for the next
two hours, and the other four men laid
down to sleep again, each taking his
place as before. In two minutes the
camp was as silent as the grave, and the
specter of murder which came out of
the gloom and hovered over the recum-
bent forms was seen by no mortal eye.

At the end of five minutes a wolf's
long drawn, faraway howl was heard,
and a shiver passed over the listening
sentinel as the lonesome sounds reached
his ears. There was a warning in that
howl—a menace, a wail—which whis-
pered of tragedy.

Taylor heard it as well, and he grew
pale and held his breath. He had braced
himself to carry out a part, but he was
fearful that his nerve might give way
before the end was reached.

Ten minutes passed—twelve—fifteen—
twenty.

It was time the powerful poison should
begin to act.

Taylor was watching and listening.
One of the men moved and groaned.

"Say! Are any of you awake?" called
Taylor as he sat up. "I've got terrible
pains, and I can't keep still any longer."

"So have I," replied one of the men as
he sat up.

Three minutes later the others were
aroused, groaning and cursing, and the
sentinel came staggering in to gasp out:

"Do something for me or I'm a dead
man!"

From the way he acted one would have
thought Taylor the worst off of all. He
groaned, gasped, writhed, twisted, but he
had company. The outlaws rolled about
on the earth like wounded dogs, and, curi-
ously enough, none of them suspected
the cause of their illness. The jug was
brought and each drank again, hoping
the fiery whisky would ease the pains
of what they believed to be colic. It was
only after one of the men had fallen in
spasms, foaming at the mouth and tear-
ing at the earth with his fingers, that
Bob suddenly shouted:

"By heavens, men! but I believe we
have all been poisoned."

"How—who by?" shrieked one of his
companions.

"By—by this infernal cur, if anybody,
and I'll have his life!"

Bob pointed at Taylor, who was ap-
parently in convulsions, and then
stooped for one of the rifles. As he did
so he fell forward upon the earth with a
terrible curse, and Taylor sprang up and
ran away into the darkness. He did not
dare go far, and yet it was horrible for
him to linger within hearing.

Strong men who die by poison die
hard. It is an awful end. The crouch-
ing, hiding, trembling murderer heard
them rise and stagger and fall; they
raved and wept; they prayed and cursed;
in their awful agonies they attacked
each other and struggled in death. The
night bird was driven away by the cries
and shrieks, and the wolf who sat lis-
tening and wondering was finally forced
to flight by the wails and curses.

The Big Cheyenne, winding its way
through prairie and plain, has seen the
sun rise on many scenes of horror, but
on none worse than that portrayed in
the camp of the outlaws. Four men lay
dead and stiff beside the little heap of
ashes and blackened brands marking the
site of the campfire. Some lay on their

backs, their open eyes gazing into the
blue vaults of heaven; others were face
down, their limbs drawn up and their
fingers dug into the soil.



Taylor leaned against a tree for support.

And as the first beam of the golden
sun touched the dead, Taylor crept down
to gaze upon his work. He came trem-
bling and afraid. His face was ghastly
pale, his teeth clicked together and his
limbs could hardly support him as he
walked. His own brother could not
have identified him, so great was the
facial change. He did not want to ap-
proach—he dreaded the sight which
would meet his gaze, but some mys-
terious power forced him along.

"Revenge is mine and I will repay,"
saith the Lord.

The fate which the outlaws meted out
to the poor gold seekers had recoiled on
their own heads, but there was yet an-
other to be punished. Taylor leaned
against a tree for support and surveyed
the bodies lying before him. He had
planned this. There was the wagon—
there was the gold—there the horses.

He had but to drag the corpses to the
bank of the stream and roll them in,
and then harness up and move off. The
Big Cheyenne would not yield up the
corpses for days, and if found who
could tell how they died or discover
their identity? The route was clear of
Indians, and he could tell a plausible
story to account for his possession of so
much treasure. He had invented a story
and gone over it in detail fifty times.

Come! All are dead! Dispose of the
corpses. The treasure is yours.

But the man clung to the tree in a
dazed sort of a way. A look of terror
crept into his eyes, never to leave them
again, and he moaned in distress as he
looked over the camp. The orses
whinnied for water and a change to new
feeding ground, but he heeded them not.

The sun climbed higher and higher,
but he did not move. A full hour had
passed when he suddenly broke forth
in a mocking laugh, and this seemed to
give him physical strength. He threw
up his hands, shouted meaningless
words, and turned and fled as if pursued
by demons. Half a mile away he hid
beneath the bushes, but not for long.

Terror roused him up, and he faced the
sun and dashed away over the earth as
men fly for their lives.

Night has come again on the great ex-
panse. A dozen miles to the east of the
spot where the dead still lie in their
stiffness the figure of a man rises from
the earth as the dews of heaven fall. It
is hard to tell whether it is the face of a
man or some wild beast. The eyes are
sunken, the lips drawn, the cheeks like
those of one who has hungered for a
week. He peers this way and that—he
skulks and crouches—he indulges in
strange and mysterious gestures.

"All dead! All dead! The gold is
mine—hat hat hat!"

"Revenge is mine and I will repay,"
saith the Lord.

It is Taylor, and he is a raving lunatic—
a madman whose very soul is being
shriveled by the awful fire within. Let us
leave him to God, himself and the dark-
ness. When the sun comes up again its
rays will not soften the pallor of an-
other dead face. There are gaunt, fierce
wolves here—great wild eyed beasts
who are following at his heels and urg-
ing each other to make the first attack.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Gertrude's Feelings.

"Come, Gertrude," said mamma, "you
had better go to bed; you know you were
half asleep before supper." "Oh, I don't
want to go to bed," said the little girl.
"I am dreadfully unsleepy now, mam-
ma!"—Exchange.

Subscribe for THE HERALD.

Hon. E. D. Linn.

From the Fort Lavacaen.

Now that Cleveland has been
elected and the federal positions of
Texas are to be filled by Demo-
crats it will be proper to suggest
candidates for the different seats of
importance. The Lavacaen begs to
suggest that Hon. E. D. Linn of
Victoria is the proper man for the
collectorship of this the old Saluria
district. He is not only qualified
to fill the position with credit but
is a democrat of the pronounced
type who has done much for his
party. He has given liberally of
his time and means and has always
been to the front in heated cam-
paigns. His work for Mr. Crain
in the complicated canvass just
closed when it was doubtful which
of the three candidates in the field
would go to congress is duly appre-
ciated by the Democrats of South-
west Texas and Mr. Cleveland
could not appoint a man that would
be more widely acceptable. Mr.
Linn was appointed collector of the
district before by Mr. Cleveland
but was ousted by Harrison long
before his time expired to make
place for a republican.

Grover Got the Cucumber.

Palestine, Tex., Dec. 6.—Some
days ago Mr. Emil Hecht of this
city sent as a present to Mr. and
Mrs. Grover Cleveland a cucumber
raised in this county which was 3
feet 2 1/2 inches in length, 3 feet in
circumference and weighed 80
pounds. Following is the answer
of the ex-president and president-
elect to Mr. Hecht's letter accom-
panying the gift:

12 West 51st street, New York
City, Nov. 21. 1892.—Emil Hecht,
Esq., Palestine, Tex.—Dear Sir:—
On the eve of my departure for a
few days' outing I desire to ac-
knowledge the receipt of your kind
letter of the 11th instant, as well
as the cucumber which you so gen-
erously sent us. It is by far the
largest vegetable of the kind that I
have ever seen, and I quite agree
with you in the suggestion that no
state except one returning such an
immense democratic majority as
Texas could raise such enormous
vegetables. Very truly yours,
GROVER CLEVELAND.

American Hebrew Union.

Washington, D. C., Dec. 6.—
The biennial convention of the
Union of American Hebrew Con-
gregations was called to order this
morning by its President, Julius
Freiberg. Delegates were present
from all parts of the country. A
temporary organization was effect-
ed by the election of Charles Baum
of Washington, D. C., as chairman
and Benjamin Salinger of Phil-
adelphia secretary, after which Leo
pold Wertheimer of Pittsburg was
unanimously elected president.
Lewis Abrams of Washington vice
president, Lipman Levy of Cincin-
nati secretary. A letter was read
stating that the late J. D. Bern of
Pittsburg in his will had donated
\$2,500 to the Hebrew Union Col-
lege of Cincinnati. The reports of
the various officers were presented

to the convention without being
read, after which a recess was tak-
en.

Florida Oranges.

New York—The first cargo of
Florida oranges ever shipped from
Florida to London arrived there on
time. There were 9665 boxes and
they will be sold at auction.

World's Fair Musicians.

City of Mexico—Mme. Diaz wife
of the Mexican president is going
to send to the world's fair at her
own expense, a woman's band of
forty musicians. This band will
be composed of the most expert
artists to be found in Mexico.

Secretary Comprene Dead.

City of Mexico, Dec. 8.—Secre-
tary of State Comprene is dead.

Panama Canal Arrests.

Paris, Dec. 8.—The Libre Parole
to day says M. Bourgeois, minister
of justice, has ordered the imme-
diate arrest of members of the
company of the Panama Canal
company, who are charged with
breach of trust.

Famous Women.

Mrs. Oscar Wilde will probably
accompany her husband on his ap-
proaching visit to this country.

The Empress of Austria has solv-
ed the servant girl problem. She
does her own cooking, or at least
superintends it.

Mrs. Hettie Green, worth \$40,-
000,000, says she hates business
and would like to be a society wo-
man, but she "hasn't time."

Modjeska, the actress, converses
in several languages and is much
interested in making a collection
of works of the Elizabethan age.

Of A Broken Heart.

Denver, Colo., Dr. W. F.
Thompson, born and educated in
New York, a man especially won-
derful in the science of dentistry,
died the other day in Durango,
Mexico, of a broken heart, receiv-
ed by a hobby. He made one for
time in San Francisco and another
in London, England, in the prac-
tice of his profession, the last one
to be squandered on what is quiet-
ly known as Thompson's Folly, and
to the public as Palmer Lake. Pal-
mer Lake is a body of pure water
high up on the mountain side sur-
rounded by rocks and cactus, and
only reached by a railroad which is
threading its way into the main
range of the Rockies. Here the
doctor imagined was the
place for the great inter-
mountain resort of the West,
and he spent hundreds of thousands
of dollars in buildings and im-
provements. But the place lacked
in picturesqueness, and the await-
ed guest never came, or, better
speaking, never tarried when he
did arrive. Heart broken and al-
most penniless, the Doctor sent his
family to New York City and took
himself to Old Mexico, where news
of his death has reached this city
just now.